

MENTAL
DISSECTION
BOOK 3
SUMMER
2013

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MENTAL INSURRECTION

book 3

A Philosophical Autobiography of Michael William Hentrich

Summer 2013
&
Autumn

§ 1 §

Bolder Than Nietzsche

2013. 06. 26 W

When I claim to be "BOLDER THAN NIETZSCHE", I am stating a fact, for I write about those things Nietzsche most likely was afraid of most: autoerotic stimulation, the strength and intelligence of the poor ~~as opposed~~ in juxtaposition to the cream puff ~~retardation~~ of the aristocratic noble class, etc.

Ø
The journey is a metaphor for character development... Today is one of those days - or, I should say, this moment, a little after 11AM - is like the opening scene of a film. Potatoes and eggs at 6AM, ~~the~~ Democracy Now on WBAI at 8AM, autoerotic orgasm promptly at 9:20AM, two large bowls of pasta at 10:30AM, reading novel 1Q84 by Haruki Murakami, and now a cup of very strong black coffee while writing a "meditation/reflection", all of the while with The Rolling Stones, TATOO YOU, playing: Dave, Little T&A, Heaven, No Use In Crying (the short list).

Some kind of character am I. Bipolar alcoholic living on the dole in 21st century U.S.A. --- well-read philosopher for excellence, 46 years old, still barely 135 pounds... beard coming in reddish blonde with touch of gray... Pool at apartment opens at noon, so I am preparing for an unashamed swim, once again, CONSPICUOUSLY UNEMPLOYED. No need to drink alcohol today.



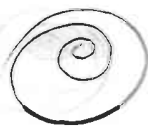
2013.06.27 Th Going through H_{133} (October 2009) I notice on page 5 a passage about zero and infinity being equal and opposite. I recall my strange quote from graduation book class of 1985 Christian Brothers Academy, Lincroft: $0 = \infty$ or zero equals infinity. How I did come up with this at age 18 long before reading the book ZERO or studying much higher levels of mathematics than Calculus?

"There is an intrinsic connection between zero and infinity. The void is the point of being of infinity. Zero and infinity are equal and opposite."

Alain Badiou also expounds upon this in BEING & EVENT.

By page 25 of H_{133} I read through paragraphs that help me not to regret the journey out West, that the experiences forced me to reach deep for secret hidden resource, and, in effect, developed my character and gave me more confidence, dignity, and an almost unshakeable self respect.

Why "bolder than Nietzsche"? I write things Nietzsche was afraid to think. I suspect he had certain loyalties to the aristocracy. I have no such loyalties. In fact, I have actual disdain and contempt for CLASS SYSTEMS.



2013. 06. 28 F

As a writer I differ from Nietzsche, true. I am a second-rate hack in comparison; and, yet, our lifestyles, even though our "class" is different, are strikingly similar: living in an unfurnished apartment; insomnia ridden, straining eyes to read and write with little light; going for long walks singing and talking to himself; diagnosed with a chronic masturbator; befriended by family of personal friend, Richard Wagner; involved in a kind of ring-baden, in an underground group of free-thinkers where the focus was on literature.

I guess I identify more with Emile Cioran. Why Cioran felt Nietzsche was naive may have to do with Nietzsche being humiliated by his doctor telling his friend, the famous musician, Richard Wagner, that Nietzsche was a chronic masturbator. If Nietzsche would have had more sexual encounters with WOMAN-IN-THE-FLESH, he would have realized that a superior orgasm can be experienced autoerotically than with a partner, and shame would have been transcended!

In some of Nietzsche's writings he does show a great intuition for the reality of the situation, when he says "to avoid cities because there are too many bitches in heat" and that it is safer to fall into the hands of a murderer than into the dreams of a woman in heat.

Ø

The "phone situation", being without consistent phone service since early in March, nearly 4 months now, while it must surely create stress for my mother and anyone else who might like to interrogate me, really forces me to face my DISCONNECTEDNESS from mainstream society. I fall back upon my primitive connection to reality. I am inaccessible.

It boggles my mind that my mother can't be more spontaneous as far as just dropping by. She is only 5 miles down the road, and yet our communications are paralyzed by lack of a telephone. Welcome to Thalonda's world! Thalonda's mother died long ago.

My mother would call me often when I had a phone. She would call in the morning and ask me what was "wrong" with my voice. My voice is getting husky and raspy from all the tobacco smoke, all my muttering, screaming, singing...

She would involve me in her daily frustrations about her obsession with having to find a job, of being financially insecure while her siblings live lives of cruises, vacations to Europe, etc.

It's a cruel Fate my mother is enduring, literally breaking her heart, and she gets little sympathy from anyone except for me, it seems. She must cry often. Will I resolve this phone issue by getting a land-line?

Ø

Note from end of October, 2009 - must be notes from one of the note books I left with nephew in Seattle:

Dzogchen - the practice of recognizing reality for what it is - allowing all that arises in experience to just exist just as it is. What Bön tradition teaches: experience yourself as a dream figure, as a body that lacks solidity.

Ø

The pool definitely changes my perspective on living here down at 70 in Brick. I no longer miss living in Downtown Freehold Barris at all. I don't miss spending grocery money on weed. I've adapted to not smoking herb. Tobacco, coffee ... vodka, beer, occasionally Hennessy or wine ...

I've become more hardened, less hippie, more gangster. I reflect upon Main Street, Main Street, South Street, One Way, now banished from CVS - almost afraid to show my face in Freehold. Fuck that police town.

I reflect upon Leisure Village and Tent City Lakewood. I reflect upon Asbury Park, Park Place, the County Jail, paying fines, Federal Way, Tent City 3, Seattle, Ocean Grove, and Matamoras.

I reflect upon Habore in Red Bank, The Flaps Motel in Farmingdale, Del Monte in Asbury Park ...

Brick does not seem so bad anymore does it? It's a shame I can't talk my mother through her troubles, but maybe I don't even care about not having a phone or a computer. I'm in no rush to type up Memoirs, Volume 2. What's the point in rushing? I'm DISCONNECTED.

Ø

I want an even more radically honest writing voice, one that is liberated from oughts and shoulds. I sense that my mother feels abandoned and alone in the world, but at least she knows I care enough about her to "plant" myself 5 miles from her. Now I witness the world she has to cope with out here. I still know she is better off in Leisure Village than were she on Stokes Street in Freehold dealing with a tenement, an attic, a basement, and what of the Freehold area has become. It's amazing how much "wealth" is in that area, all hidden away in luxurious homes and automobiles while we witness so many struggle just to get change up for some booze!

I have to say, loud and clear, that I am with Charles Bukowski as far as feeling the so-called "losers" are far more AUTHENTIC than the so-called "winners" and "successful".

Basically I write in order to endure myself. I prefer to focus the beam of attention on "inner reality" as opposed to the external world. What makes my existence like science-fiction psychological horror is that, in this mass industrial/consumerist society, I am so far outside the idiomatic norms, as far as general habits and way of life and thinking goes, that my character is kind of heroic - even as I might be presented as an anti-hero since I am the antithesis of Hollywood heroes who get the GIRL.

I mistrust the social order and those who pay deference to the status-symbols of this Culture of Make Believe. So much is not what it appears to be. There is so much deception, so much shallow bullshit, so many philistines.

Not having a phone has, as I have said, forced me to face just how alone I am in this society without any delusions. Still, for my mother's sake, I feel pressured to look into an alternative to Reach Out Wireless should this company continue to jerk me around. Four months now and still no replacement phone. I guess I will get Tracfone minutes again next month and use the phone just to stay in touch with my mother. I prefer spending some time with her rather than gab on the phone. I am not feeding into the Space Age with this LACK, the produced feeling of NEEDING that which I really do not need.

It is a matter of being DISCONNECTED, un-plugged, off-line, I in my own orbit, a million miles from the "norm". Maybe this is also what motivates me to want to read 1Q84 by Haruki Murakami. It makes sense that I am curious to read what a Japanese genius has in his imagination, curious enough to devote myself to reading through 925 pages of text. I am not a TYPICAL AMERICAN.

What sustains me is the intellect, the spirit, my inner life, my character and personality. This is my wealth of heart. I purely detaching from television and Hollywood for so many years has enabled me to develop an inner dimension that may be lacking in many. I am the philosophical madman, the outsider par excellence, the NON-CONFORMIST.

Just as, in the novel Fahrenheit 465, the main character walks outdoors to speak with the young woman who is branded anti-social, I may walk down to the lake to see about drinking with the Oriental youth who considers himself odd for fishing in the rain, in the dark and not caring about not catching any fish. Nature's miracle? We shall see. I need a brand new friend.

Perhaps we are both MISFITS who reject playing dead inside an apartment. We may both feel closer to the frogs and birds than to celebrity culture and spectator sports.

Maybe there is a little magic in the world tonight.

On the walk home I saw the carcass of a possum who looks like she just got hit by a car. I rolled her to the grass from the road and noticed her little baby pups moving around. They were not fully developed. They will most likely not live long, but the sight of it was kind of creepy - like THE THING. I felt the spirit of the animal asking me to help it get to the dirt, at least, so that its body might rest rather than be squashed.

I recall strongly prayers by Jon Young in the sweat lodge about animals being run down in the roads... That creature... I imagine she was just going about her business in search of food when she was struck senselessly and accidentally by a vehicle. I see so much of that here in Brick. The creatures of the woods, these peoples have nowhere to hide.

Now I am once again concerned about my mother. Maybe her heart is in pain from disappointments. I'm sure that life has been a great disappointment for her. May she feel my love for her and know that I am better off here in Brick than I was in Downtown Freehold, in Asbury Park, in Federal Way, in Ocean Grove, in Matawan, in Red Bank, in Farmingdale, and maybe even better off than as a student at Rutgers in New Brunswick. That was a great deal of stress that may have all been in VAIN. Am I better off on the dole here in Brick than as a state employee housed in the Tank House? In many respects, yes, I am. Tonight I even put the air conditioner on.

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Of course, I can forget about meeting people to converse with down at the pool since there are more life guards than people in the damn pool! I do not lie. I guess the fee, which one would expect to be included gratis in the accumulated rent, is just too much for most people to FORK OVER. So, it'll just be me talking to myself as per usual. Talking to myself or going over my notes... A real man's work is never done.

I am still enjoying the digital recorder and boom-box, even just on coffee. I may just cool off a couple times and return to the "cell" since there really is not much to "hold my attention" down at the pool.



2013.06.30 Sun I'm sure people in general would be running to a psychiatrist in search of a pill to endure the powerful and incommunicable emotions I am experiencing, but I embrace my emotions - ~~and~~.



2013.07.01 Monday I went outside last night and sang in the Last of the Trees.



2013.07.02 Tuesday While I had planned to clean my mother's carpets today, I guess she had something else to do. Tomorrow I will be armed with greenbacks.

1967 * In 2002, after graduating Rutgers, I "slipped into a period of extreme psychic distress."
+ 35 I was also 35!
2002

Ø

Some notes from Anger, Madness, and the Daimonic, the section Herman Melville's Mad Captain Ahab. This scholar, Edinger who Stephen A. Diamond references goes on to describe Melville as "a difficult man to live with. Like his fictional character Ahab, he was gifted with the high perception, but lacked the low, enjoying power. He was frequently moody and withdrawn. On the evidence of his wife's letters, he was such a cause of apprehension to her that at one point she feared for his sanity. Melville's relation to the personal, practical aspects of life was always poor."

Still from the cited text:

<<< Psychologist Kay Jamison points out the pattern of mental illness in Melville's family, which may have made Melville himself more prone to madness: "He suffered from severe mood swings that ranged from expansive, energetic, and highly productive states to irascible, bitterly morose, withdrawn, and listless periods in which little was done, and he was obsessed with death and filled with pessimism." [TOUCHED WITH FIRE]

By the time Melville entered mid-life, around the age of 35*, after the consummation of MOBY-DICK, he slipped into a decade-long "period of extreme psychic distress and reorientation."

His mental and physical health were in jeopardy, and at times, he was close to psychosis or suicide. "Eventually he learned how to live with his unruly demons." >>>



Idea: On 3rd September, get sneaker boots (black) with steel toe + Blacky DICKIES pants 30 x 32
+ Black DICKIES shirt LS medium

In December, before January 2014: Black Arctic Carharts



After taking those notes on p. 52, on the table by the pool I sat by the pool in half-lotus talking to my shadow at the bottom of the pool, while the knuckle-draggin' knuckleheads revved the engines of their pink dump trucks after loading the table (my DESK) on their said trucks.

(Don't want no truck with no power game
Want be some other jerks tool)

I am starting to become pickoned by these hounddogs who think they have the Steppenwolf at their mercy. There is ice in their laughter. They seem to get sick (NURSE-RATCHET'S BOYS) pleasure at POKING ME WITH A STICK.



2013.08.26 M

On Wednesday I picked up two books from the local Thrift Store: Seth Speaks by Jane Roberts and The Da Vinci Code by Dan Brown, the latter which I am reading now - a great read so far, filled with references to feminine goddess, ISIS.

I am in no rush to type up notes for Manifesto. Are inner transformations occurring? Most certainly. Am I losing the desire to write? It looks that way, I don't it? Only about ten pages for the entire month so far! This is not a problem for me at all. Maybe I am more in the mood to just read some books, some stories. After all, reading is my main source of entertainment and amusement.

There is a TV out by the dumpster that works, and I don't want anything to do with it. I don't entertain any guests. I haven't had a TV in my apartment since leaving Matapan in 2007, and even there, I did not have cable. I am very much DISCONNECTED from that culture. Could I finally have reached a point where I am quite proud of being in my own unique orbit far outside the mainstream American culture?

At the moment I am not at all anxious about living such a solitary life, and I am missing Freehold Boro less and less.

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I picked up a fake tree out in front of the same house
I got the chair (with birdhouses) and canvas
paintings. Placing it in front of the window adds a
dimension of privacy which has an effect
on my Being; a calming effect.

I can actually leave the window open with blinds
up at night without feeling exposed. I sit in
the nude which is very relaxing.

For the moment, I am very content with this lifestyle of
living on the dole as an obscure "sensitive intellectual".
Verily I am like a character in a Dostoyevsky
or Kafka novel. Am I finally at peace with
my Being-in-the-world?

What I pray for daily: courage, strength, patience,
a sense of humor, and spontaneity.

What do I pray to? The Cognitive Unconscious...
The Great Mysterious...

I am not anxious for the 3rd to arrive but
rather resolved to enjoy an "endless summer."
Am I now appreciating being far away from
Downtown Freehold? Was I forced out
of town? How little privacy I experienced
on Main Street in Freehold! How little privacy
I experienced on 7th Avenue in Asbury Park!
Could this residence be my destination?

My mother is concerned that she will not have the funds available to continue residing in Leisure Village for much longer. I am not sure what I could do to help her as employment seems problematic with my strong personality and non-conventional attitude.

I reflect upon the situation John Kennedy Toole was in just prior to his suicide, with his parents sinking into financial hardship. My mother and I cohabitating seems highly unlikely since she demands "sobriety" and smoking outdoors. Besides that, she would pester me continuously. She's hooked on television and I enjoy MUSIC.

She could very well end up in an apartment near the library, in which case she would moan and groan. Leisure Village is a beautiful place for her. She owns the unit.

What could I do but perhaps seek employment to give her some money each month?

Would this be heroic?

Would I resent her for needing me or would I simply bite the bullet? Have I become unemployable? Do I have an unemployable personality? Most likely, yes.

In chapter 1, "Hitler: The Bartender of Genius," Yvonne Sheercraft describes how Adolf turned from Schopenhauer to Nietzsche. How telling that I, myself, align myself with Schopenhauer, and along with Cioran, find Nietzsche a little naive and aristocratic.

Hitler had stated, "Where would I get if I listened to all his [Schopenhauer's] transcendental talk? A nice ultimate wisdom that: To reduce oneself to a minimum of desire and will. Once will is gone all is gone. This life is War."

Schopenhauer was out. Nietzsche was in.

Hanfstaengl heard Hitler remark, "Now it is the heroic Weltanschauung which will illuminate the ideals of Germany's future."

"What was this?" Hanfstaengl questioned.

"This was not Schopenhauer, who had been Hitler's philosophical god in the old... days. No, this was new. It was Nietzsche."

Here, I can strongly disagree with Hitler and see clearly how I most likely would never succumb to becoming ambitious for authority or "the power of a Regulator."

As Hitler expressed it: "Schopenhauer's pessimism which

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springs partly, I think, from his own line of philosophical thought and partly from the subjective feeling and the experiences of his own life. "I have been far surpassed by Nietzsche."

Combining Nietzsche's love of the Greeks with Hegel's depiction of the ancient origins of the Western world became a favourite theme for Hitler.

And then there are those traits that remind me of my own temperament and moods - the typical Germanic/Romantic mood:

"He loves solitary walks. The mountain forests intoxicated him. These walks are his divine service, his prayers. He watches the passing clouds, listens to the moisture of dripping from the pines. He hears voices. I have met him in this mood. He recognizes nobody there: he wants to be alone. There are times when he flees from human society,"
(Hermann Rauschning)

Did Hitler possess the acute sensitivity of a Nietzsche? It is doubtful. At the very least, Yvonne Sherratt dives deep!

Is not my "message board" a glaring example of how critical honest thinking plays out, where, eventually one finds oneself alone with one's complaints.

USA is incorporated in 1871. UCC law

→ "person" is a deceptive term.

→ a person is a corporate fiction.

One is a BEING, not a person.

When one steps into a courtroom and says one understands one is a person, one submits to being a subject. (see Thrive)

One is a sovereign entity, not a person.

A "person" becomes a servant to the corporate state. Everything is "for sale".

Those who control society do not want us to think. They want us to passively get dumbed down by school and TV. They don't want us to be THINKERS. They want us to be WORKER-BEE DRONES paying back loans based on fraud. There is no money. There is just debt.



While reading Hitler's Philosophers on my back jailbird style around 10AM I drifted into a deep sleep where I was putting together the drum kit I abandoned on Marcy Street in Freehold. I was awoken by the theme song from The Exorcist which is my phone signal for recognized numbers. Since my mother is the only one who calls me, I jumped up thinking it was her. The caller didn't wait long enough, it was Yosi from Seattle. I returned the call. Yosi's wife, Robin, called answered. I explained that I was reading a book. She inquired as to which book I was reading, so I carefully and tactically described Yvonne Sherratt's scholarly text, Hitler's Philosophers. She could sense the earnest desire in me to comprehend how Adolf Hitler abandoned Schopenhauer in favor of Nietzsche's WILL TO POWER.

And yet, Nietzsche was acutely sensitive and cannot be held responsible for Hitler's vulgarization and militarization and Hegelian HISTORICIZATION of his philosophy.

For most of his life, Nietzsche was mired in poverty and obscurity. He was initially obsessed with the warrior spirit Arthur Schopenhauer. As far as lifestyle goes, Nietzsche and I have far more in common than Nietzsche had in common with the "aristocracy" or "masters". Yvonne Sherratt's scholarly text is already deepening my understanding and even rejuvenating my sense of BEING ON THE RIGHT PATH. Kant had initially been a charismatic orator.

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Nietzsche advocated spontaneity, creativity, and the force of imagination. He seemed to advocate wine, orgy, and song. So, why did Nietzsche glorify WAR? This had to have an influence on Adolf Hitler. Schopenhauer condemned bloodshed over religion and/or nationalism vehemently. What is it that compelled Nietzsche to romanticize war as a sign of strength? He equated compassion and pity with weakness?

Confusion. Theodor Lessing worked in the tradition of Arthur Schopenhauer, but he was assassinated simply for being classified as a "racial Jew".

I never approved of Martin Heidegger's betrayal of Edmund Husserl. Friendship and the student/teacher or disciple/master BOND takes precedent over one's "duty" to the state or to an "employer".

It is as B once told me about why I explode in rage at times: "Mike, you are probably kinder to people than they have been to you. That's why you sometimes go off the deep end."

FRI, SAT, SUN, MON → Labor Day weekend. I guess I'll check account for funds tomorrow even though I expect funds will be available Tuesday, the 3rd. I've gotten used to living with just the basics and no car. I prefer living as a scholar.

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◎

2013. 08. 29 Friday I rise with pentestastic anger, angry to the point that it feels like happiness. Emotional algebra. $ANGER^{1/2} \rightarrow HAPPINESS + SADNESS \rightarrow MADNESS$

$$MADNESS = \frac{1}{STUPIDITY}$$

Am I reading Hitler's Philosophers in a deconstructive manner when I play devil's advocate?

Deconstruct the following excerpt from Mein Kampf:

"In defending myself against the Jew... I am doing the work of the Lord."

No matter what her agenda is in compiling the research involved in the publication of Hitler's Philosophers, I have nothing but respect for Yvonne Herratt's work.

<<< Certain émigrés, appalled at Schmidt's collaboration suggested to the Nazis that he might be a mere careerist and opportunist, not a true Nazi. In December 1936, the SS publication DAS SCHWARZE KORPS accused Schmidt of being a Hegelian state thinker and basically a Catholic, and called his anti-Semitism a mere pretense. >>>

How about this excerpt from chapter 5, "Hitler's Superman":
Martin Heidegger

<<< Rosenberg, Bäumler and Krieck, along with other philosophers of the Reich, were dominant within Germany, but beyond its borders they had no reputation. Across Europe and the rest of the world they were either shrouded in obscurity or dismissed as mere Nazi hacks. The Führer was piqued.

"In the great hall of the Linz library are the busts of Kant, Schopenhauer, and Nietzsche, the greatest of our thinkers, in comparison with whom the British, the French, the Americans have nothing to offer," he bragged. But these were the geniuses of the past. The Nazis needed a genius for their own times, a glorious mind that would crown their project with intellectual grandeur. Who could achieve this? >>>

footnote: In Daniel Quinn's Story of B he suggests the so-called "Anti-Christ" I will live a life-style resembling NOT KINGS, OR POPES or Presidents or CEOs, I but more like the Nazarene. Linguistics, mathematics. Germanic → Anti-Roman. What am I suggesting here?

I am who am. I don't wanna be just another worker-bee. I'm over-qualified for redundancy. Land of the free / laboratory. The student who taught that a mind like this I can't be bought

Yvonne Herratt continues

... one who carried the legacy of Nietzsche, and
Völk into the present, and indeed, into the future.
But where could such a man be found?

In fact someone did exist, a prophet who could sow the seeds for future generations, whose overflowing intellectual energy was regenerated by a generation of students.

But would a genius, a 'superman' so
repared for grasping some of the most
profound and complex ideas the
human mind was capable of generating,
be bought by someone as pernicious as
Hitler? >>>

What baffles me about Martin Heidegger's betrayal of Edmund Husserl to the Nazis is that not only was Husserl Heidegger's mentor, but they were also good friends. FRIENDSHIP!

NATURE'S MIRACLE! This perplexes me, shouldn't such a bond ~~not~~ trump any sense of duty to the state or any advancement in a career or position of authority?

Evidently not in this case.

Could this be the reason I shun Heideggers work
more along to Merleau-Ponty and consider David
Abram the legitimate heir of Husserl?
Am I unique in my intellectual integrity and

EMOTIONAL HONESTY, what may be called
existential authenticity?

Is the bottom dropping out of empire? NFL gladiators
ending up, homeless with dementia stepping forward to
scream from beyond the grave, "Are you not entertained?"

Getting back to "Hitler's Superman: Martin Heidegger,"
now I know why I am not very impressed with
Heidegger even though BEING & TIME might have
been quasi-mystical, even though he must have been
a charismatic thinker. Not only did he betray
Husserl, the greatest philosopher of that era, but I
he attached himself to the state apparatus,
declaring himself Führer of the Universities, and
even snitching and dropping dimes to the Gestapo.

Confusing? or "all-too-clear"?

Even though Edmund Husserl was his mentor and friend,
and even though he had a sexual liaison with
Hannah Arendt, Heidegger had been and remained
highly anti-Semitic. He was strongly resisting
the JEWIFICATION of "GERMANY."

Vonne Sherratt points out why Heidegger was against
the Jews. Heidegger associated Jews with urbanity.
He longed to see the preservation of a more simple
rural life, and the National Socialist image of peasants

Marching with spades was enchanting; it was his philosophical dream & sprung to life. >>> J

Was it enough that he would sacrifice his own friends? <<<

<<< From his cabin in the woods, perhaps Heidegger dreamed that the inauthenticity of modern life would finally be overcome. >>> J

er... "Hope you find a job!"
Like a job or position will solve all our problems!

<<< ... did Heidegger regard Hitler as the voice of authenticity? Perhaps Heidegger crafted for himself a special role: Hitler's guide, the envisioned philosopher-king. >>>

Heidegger's mistress had been Jewish. His mentor, his students, his friends... Was Heidegger simply an opportunist and a careerist?

Heidegger had skills as a philosopher but not those of political manipulation. After just one year, he resigned from his position as Rector.

Löwith argued that Heidegger's idea of "being" was already metaphysical NAZISM. Not only did Heidegger willingly agree with his publisher to remove his dedication to his mentor/ friend, Husserl from Being & Time but he ceased visiting him. He didn't even attend his 1938 funeral.

I commend Heidegger for his revolt against industrialization and for his "Romantic" love of the mountains away from urban life. He used Romantic arguments to denounce modernity. <<< Heidegger, even built on the Jewish philosopher Husserl's ideas to develop these views, regarding modernity as the vanquishing of a more natural past, a form of violence that needed to be met with equal violence. >>>

<<< In a desperate attempt to negate Heidegger's views, [Walter] Benjamin, also wrote vitriolically that "he needed: 'to initiate a small reading group in order to demolish Heidegger'"

But Benjamin was no fighter, not even intellectually. His way of being was ^{NOT} to assert or to advocate a certain point of view, but, to delve into the secrets of everyday life. For this he needed quiet, to silence the busy human voices around him and to listen to things themselves. Hence, Benjamin was drawn to solitude and to wanderings. >>>



2013. 08.30 Saturday Over-hearing conversations or individuals on cell phones ought not upset me when I find the conversation vulgar, mean-spirited, a petty authoritarian bolderdash. I just take it in as validation for my solitary way of life. It is evident that my mental independence has matured into a full blown **INTELLECTUAL INSURRECTION**.

Hiding Like A Wolf-Spider



2013.09.23 Monday

Goodbye Blue Mondays! I reflect upon conversations on my message board and whywork.org forums where James Quirk openly reveals the relief he experiences upon awakening knowing he does not have to report to an employer. Once one is free from one harness, there are other harnesses one has to become free of, namely, "day programs" - what my mother and I refer to as "day jails".

There is no generation gap when it comes to these "programs" which corral adults into facilities that recreate the ambience of the mental hospital... places where degenerate staff denigrate the clients, where each client is made to feel like a social leper in need of psychiatric medication and mumbo jumbo, Twelve Step propaganda, group therapy pushing "positive thinking", public confession, and humiliating dependence on psychiatrists and counselors.

idea for Manifesto, Volume 2, chapter 7 → "The Real Consequences of Mental Independence"

For the moment I am out of the harnesses. For the moment, and since May 2005, on government relief and rental assistance. Out of the harness and with access, finally, to a word-processor in a computer, I am awoken, ready to forge ahead with typing my manifesto Volume 2 is turning out to be packed with Literary Theory.

I am relieved to have gotten through the loose pads scribbled in during my incarcerations the summer of 2010 when I returned to New Jersey only to face the pestilent police of Asbury Park. Now I will be able to go through my "records" from Asbury Park where I would be corralled into Park Place day program... or into my return to Freehold... my exodus from Freehold... my landing in Lakewood... and my settling down at 70 in Brick.

I wonder how I will feel when I am caught up. Maybe then I will be inspired to create in a different manner. Maybe then I will synthesize the manifesto into some kind of short existentialist novel. Who knows? I know I want to bring the manifesto up to the present first. This will take a few more months. With potatoes boiling in the oven, I hide in my apartment unit like a WOLF-SPIDER in an underground hole.

2013. 09. 26 Thursday The radio wave signal for 99.5 FM, WBAI, which is impossible to pick up on a digital receiver, and I was only able to pick up with an analog clock radio, has been jammed. I will attempt to tune it in before First Voices...

By wrapping the electric cord around the clock radio I was able to tune in Democracy Now on WBAI which sounds like something out of John Brunner's science-fiction classic, The Sheep Look Up.

DESERTIFICATION → every two seconds a forest the size of a football field disappears on our planet, as of the Autumn of 2013.

So how would a job paying \$100,000.00 per year change any of this? How would becoming a famous rock star change any of this? How would "falling in love" or making a baby change any of this? Hello?

Isn't this why I found George Carlin so entertaining and amusing? This world is so full of shit with its lobbyists and celebrities and its professors in ivory towers! When Carlin talks about DETACHMENT, when he spoke about, "if you think there is a solution, you are part of the problem," when he points out that "the Earth isn't going anywhere, we are!!!" he was simply speaking the truth. Way to go, George!

This is why I listen to Democracy Now! religiously. The global situation puts things in perspective. Some people think, if only I would build walk-in freezers and just handroll cash, life would be great. I am better off living on government relief, preparing my own meals, and going over my "NOTES".

It only took 25 minutes (one session) to upload and post. I doubt anyone is even reading my manifesto, but at least it is being stored. I slowly but surely I am getting Volume 2 out there.

By 2PM, going over what I posted, finding so many typos, I realize the best thing I can do right now is lay on my back and tread myself into a cat nap. Sleepy-time.



2013, 09, 27 Friday

Comic Relief

A new ~~acronym~~ acronym: R. A. T. S.

Retarded Agents of the Therapeutic State

It could be anyone - your family, your neighbors, work associates, postal ~~office~~ workers. Everyone is SUSPECT!



2013. 10.01 Monday I wonder how I have come to feel so blessed here in Brick when I had been feeling so oppressed by the "quiet" in the complex, so oppressed by the ~~the~~ absence of woods, to hute in, and even oppressed by route 70 and lack of access to hert.

I can only presume this change of heart has taken place due to my nephew caring enough about me to send me a computer, and ~~namely~~ specifically for the word processor Open Office Writer. Now I am able to wade through my "memoirs", my PHILOSOPHICAL DIARIES, I searching for material for my manifesto.

Isn't this precisely the manner in which Arthur Schopenhauer compiled his indictment against the entire Creation?

The word to describe how I feel in this apartment as the Autumn cools the night, air is comfortable, and I can only ascribe this drastic change of heart to having a way to type up excerpts from my scribblings, to be able to store these on hard drives, to be able to transfer those from drives to flash drives then upload to my free message board, isis.phpbb3now.com.

The long walk to the library can be made less of a problem now. I can renew books via phone and even take the bus early in the month.

On Being Wickedly Cognizant

Ø

My mood has been incredible all day ... in such good spirits! Up at 4:30 AM, I was able to read some of Ros Barber's 'The Marlowe Papers' out loud. Since it is all written in verse, reading out loud is a delight! - like incantations or magic spells. I am in no rush to get through it, and most likely will reread them all (6 texts, p 136 *this).

Grocery shopping with Mom at Wegman's near Asbury Park was just pure bliss. I genuinely enjoy her company. It's so beautiful to witness the affection we have for each other. I see the way people witness us and this warms my heart.

Mom was very understanding about my concern about the "complications" involved in this upcoming "meeting Rich Bone in Freehold Friday."

Upon returning to Mom's domicile, I was able to catch a 20 minute nap on the floor. I slept like a dog. When I woke up I immediately got into the Introduction to ~~Who~~ Virginia Woolf's On Being Ill by Hermione Lee. One part I really liked that home, inspiring me to take notes.

<<<

... a satire on conformity begins to make itself felt. The ill fare the deserters, the "refuseniks". They won't accept the "GO-operative" conventions. They blurt things out. They turn sympathizers away. They won't go to work. They lie down. They waste time. They fantasize. They don't go to Church or believe in Heaven. They refuse to read responsibly or make sense of what they read. They are attracted to nonsense, sensation, and rashness. On the other side of the glass is "the army of the upright," harnessing energy, driving motor cars, going to work and to church, communicating and civilizing.

Reading in bed, reading when ill - like "writing in bed" - is, it's suggested, a form of deviancy.

>>>

What a great feeling to be so interested in literature that I am thirsty for Virginia Woolf, Ros Barber's The Markham Papers, and my own scribbles, and I have to tear myself from one in order to focus on another.

Isn't this the exact manifestation of the saying, "My cup runneth over"?
My heart is on fire!

Ø

How deriant to refuse to seek employment,
to lie in bed reading, writing, napping even!
Sitting in sunbeams undisturbed while a
homeless black man in New York City runs
amuck, stabbing people in a park with
a broken pair of scissors.

This is the real.

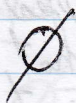
Virginia Woolf asks, "If truth is not to be found on the
shelves of the British Museum, where, I asked
myself, picking up a notebook and pencil, is
truth?"

Ø

Once again, like a jailbird, while on my back
reading, I couldn't keep my eyes open so
succumbed to sleep. I simply rolled over
on my side and I was as free from worry
as a beast of the wild.

Boswell: "Men know that women are an overmatch for them, and therefore they choose the weakest and most ignorant."

Frazer, in "The Golden Bough": "The ancient Germans believed that there was something holy in women, and accordingly consulted them as oracles."



While walking around outside, I was working on my oratory skills reading Virginia Woolf's A Room of One's Own out loud with passion (with no shirt on). I noticed the noise of the cars actually got on my nerves. I would pause my reading as each vehicle passed. I did not hide my disgust.

There are some bold statements made by this Virginia Woolf which reveal her utter disdain for patriarchal society. She makes similar observations as Nat (James Quirk) and I made for years. Our society is indifferent and even hostile to anything aspiring to intellectual greatness.

"Watch in the spring sunshine the stockbroker and the great barrister going indoors to make money and more money and more money when it is a fact that 500 pounds a year will keep one alive in the sunshine."

When food, clothing, and shelter are mine, not merely do labor and effort cease, but also hatred and bitterness.

"I need not hate any man: he cannot hurt me. I need not flatter any man: he has nothing to give me. It was absurd to blame any class as a whole. Great bodies of people are never responsible for what they do. They are driven by instincts of which are not in their control. They too, the patriarchs, the professors, had endless difficulties to contend with. True, they had money and power, but only at the cost of harboring in their breast a Vulture, and plucking at for every tearing the liver out possession, of the lungs — of the instinct for them to desire other people's fields and goods perpetually; to make frontiers and flags; battleships and poison gas; to offer up their own lives and their children's lives."

"But how impossible it must have been for them not to budge either to the right or to the left. What genius, what integrity it must have required in the face of all that criticism, in the midst of that purely patriarchal society, to hold fast to the thing as they saw it without shrinking."

"Literature is open to everybody. I refuse to allow you to turn me off the grass. Lock up your libraries if you like; but there is no gate, no fork, no bolt that you can set upon the freedom of my mind."

Here we have "Mental Insurrection in a Nutshell"

I feel like I just side-stepped a potential disaster. Bore will go solo to Moore's Tavern Friday. I don't even have to worry about it as hanging out Sunday the 7th is a much better idea. We can hit Federico's for lunch after we smoke our peace pipe!



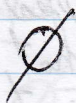
2013. 10.10 Thursday

The visit with Rich Bore was laid back and fun. Instead of going to Freehold, we went to Federico's in Brick for Philadelphia cheese steaks.

I think he was genuinely happy to witness the apartment which is now my residence as it is definitely more private, secure, clean, etc than the shit hole I on Marcy Street. Today I will renew my lease.

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"Watch in the spring sunshine the stockbroker and the great barrister going indoors to make money and more money and more money when it is a fact that 500 pounds a year will keep one alive in the sunshine."

I wonder when I will, or if I will ever, decide to take my diaries somewhere and just burn them. Have I become that psychologically attached to them? Ink, paper, Internet & blogs, the printed word, ... alphabetic language ... literacy! The words ... a VOICE which survives our carnal bodies.

Have I already published via the Internet an indictment against mass consumerism? Simply by refusing to have a television or connect to cable TV. Or even the Internet, I have isolated myself from much propaganda, and, in effect, become a living protest against systematic stupidity.

Isolated in a dimension called loneliness, I prefer to entertain myself with my own imagination than to be a passive spectator. I don't want to watch Dancing With the Stars or American Idol or X-Factor or the Superbowl or The Olympics or the media whores.

So, yes, it is science-fiction; and, yes, I am marginalized. It is what it is. We go through these lives.

Ø

Just a few pages into Handling the Truth I already cop a bit of an attitude. Already I understand that my prose will be whatever the hell I want it to be, that I don't need it to be validated by literary critics. I will try to learn about THE CREATIVE PROCESS. & MY LIFE IS MY MASTERPEICE ABSURD COMEDY.



"The break between us and the world is well-established. We speak not to be understood, but to our own inner selves."

~ Antonin Artaud

I do not write for copyright, nor do I want to "sell myself to an audience." Regardless of what a teacher of "creative writing" thinks about what a "real" writer does, I will listen to Nietzsche when he suggests that philosophy become autobiography, and, like ML Mecken, I may even use words as weapons to FIGHT.

When I write, I speak to myself.

I do not write memoirs.
I write manifestos.



2013.10.29 Tuesday For someone who read Hesse's Steppenwolf as a young man, to be approaching the age of 50 is quite significant. In a little more than 3 months, I will be 47! I scribble the RECORDS of MIKE HENTRICH... I detest the automobile culture. Even after suffering a broken leg in the Summer of 2012, I walk for miles and miles in 2013. Sure I limp, but I stubbornly resist the demand to purchase an automobile. I prefer FOOD, beer, tobacco.

Will there be a Volume 3 of The Manifesto or will the next, or last, project be more of a "looking back"?

I was drawn to the automatic THINKING OUT LOUD of Jane Roberts who attributed her VOICE to a disincarnate entity-personality called SETH in Seth Speaks when I was a young man.

Now I veer away from any notions of disembodied intelligence, and yet, if the air itself possesses awareness, sentence is not a property of the physiological brain itself, in isolation.

What if what I want to "WRITE" can only be SPOKEN or SUNG? Suppose these notes, these records, are as Artand suggests, messages to our inner selves...

In dreamtime last night I confronted my mother's clan, a clan she herself has come to see as phony, materialistic, superficial, shallow, and yet... my mother does retain some of those qualities. I see how she interacts with the toothless. I observe her comments about "WHITE TRASH" - How I hate that term! The power of introspection and contemplation is that it enables me to process the unfolding of reality, allowing me to "merge with The One!" Let us remember we are the Presence of BEING

Alissa Quart, in Republic of Outsiders, validates the research I have been involved with for many years; and, to be honest, gives me a greater appreciation for the literature I was required to read as a freshman at the academy in Lincroft, NJ in 1981-1982 at the young age of 14, namely Ira Levin's THIS PERFECT DAY, Ken Kesey's ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST, and K. Vonnegut's PLAYER PIANO, not to mention books I would be exposed to over the next few years such as Robert M. Pirsig's Zen & the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance and John Brunner's THE SHEEP LOOK UP.

I have become Chip, Randal P. MacMurphy, Paul Proterus, and perhaps even Phaedrus and Austin Train.

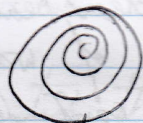
This is not an "ego trip". This is just BEING. It's a human thing, not a Hentrich thing.

Psychosis results from a breakdown in social relations rather than a breakdown in the individual. A study in northern Finland supports this claim. Recently, Eli Lilly sponsored a study that claimed to debunk Finland's findings. (Quart 2013).

Realizing how "on point" I have been increases my confidence in my ability to OUT-THINK the oppressor, those who John Tundell refers to as "The Other Side". My resistance has been effective. Since I know I am THE REAL THING, baby, I view the industries of BIG CULTURE with disdain. PROTEST-IN-THE-FLESH!



I found an excerpt from Kierkegaard's diary in the Kafka biography that insists on our own standards: "As soon as a man comes along ... who says: However the world is, I shall stay with my original nature, which I am not about to change to suit what the world regards as good. The moment this word is spoken, a metamorphosis takes place in the whole of existence."



2013. 10. 30 Wednesday While walking through the shopping centers, I got a good sense of my "outsider status". As I check items out at K-Mart, an oversized youth, most likely a future cop, seems to sniff around me, causing me agitation and aggravating my general disdain for the future culture. So I play the hafeon.

If there are those who see me as a scoundrel for living on government relief, this can only give me deep satisfaction since it is quite clear I am a living protest against their conventions, you know, the horsecrap they shove down their children's throats.

I am reminded of the Scarlet Letter. There is this conflict and a tension so thick between the public self and the private self, the persona perceived by society versus the inner life of Being with all its truth shining through.

There is mutual disdain.

There is this CONFLICT & TENSION, and it does not hurt me in the least. It is simply the consequence of my dissidence.

This is exactly what John Trudell means by "Protect your spirit. You're in a place where spirits get eaten."

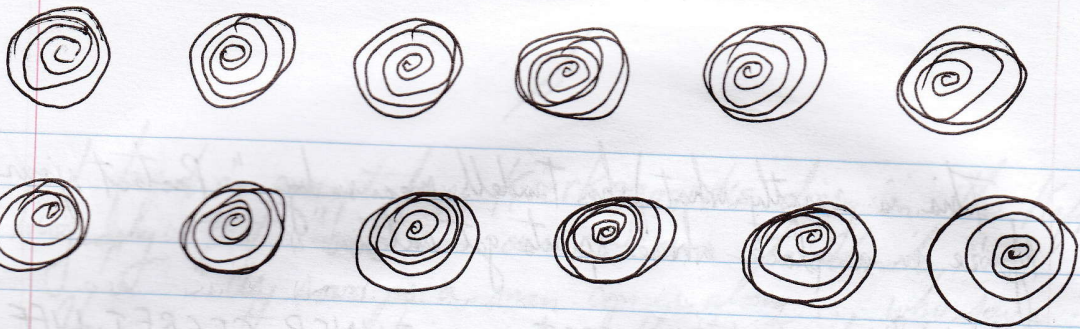
We want to PROTECT our INNER, SECRET LIFE against Society, the world outside and around us.

One of the ways I access this inner life is through music, where I can explore deep moods. Once in such a deep mood, I like to write, and, yes, I like to isolate and brood.

My audience will be the freaks of Nature, the mutants, the outsiders, the rebels, the refusenicks, the dissidents, the slackers... and the youth.



2013.10.31 Thursday On this last day before government relief funds are available, my mother is feeling run down with a cold and needs to activate her food stamp card. I want to run down to the Thrift Store to grab a cook book that may be very helpful as far as what to spend these funds on. I want to learn how to make a variety of soups, banana bread, and vegetable-based meals. Maybe I can wear myself off beef, not altogether, but a little. I can upload the beginnings of chapter 9 of manifesto 2.



2013. 11. 12 Tuesday I seem to have accepted that the
NATURE OF MY BEING makes me UNEMPLOYABLE
Talking out loud, THINKING OUT LOUD, singing,
muttering & - lack of restraint...

Without government assistance I might
seriously go off the deep end. How many
of situation? There are in the same
offspring get locked up on a regular basis,
paying "CHILD SUPPORT" routinely even for not

With Emile Cioran I can at least proclaim
to never having committed the crime of
fringing up & fathering a child.

Having acclimated myself to my deviance,
I am content to lay in bed
reading. I recall the passage from
Virginia Woolf's On Being Ill noted in this
notebook p. 144. How wonderfully to
be on my own orbit! I do burst things
out. I do refuse to find gainful employment.
I lie down. I waste time. I fantasize.
I don't go to Church or believe in Heaven. I'm attracted to nonsense.

From an Introduction by Irving Howe (to Kafka's The Castle):

<<< Kafka's neurosis also came out in a repeated incapacity, except for a brief final relationship before his death in 1924, to sustain his engagements with women. >>>

This is certainly true for me as well.

<<< No other writer of our century has so strongly evoked the claustrophobic sensations of modern experience, sensations of bewilderment, loss, guilt, dispossession. These are sensations known to millions of people quite unaware of Kafka's writings and without any claim to PHILOSOPHICAL REFLECTION. >>>

Now, it is not even 6PM and I am very sleepy.

There is nothing motivating me to keep my eyes open. Why bother staying awake?

Is this THE GREAT TIREDNESS?

Maybe this ought to be the title of the first section of H-164 ...

